

THE
GRACIOUS WARNING;
OR, A
M O N O D Y

On the DEATH of the late PIOUS and LEARNED
JOSEPH NICOLL SCOTT, M.D.

WITH HIS *ob: 23. Dec. 1769*
Very REMARKABLE DREAM concerning it:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
Some Lines on the late Rev. Mr. EDWARD HITCHIN, B.D.

BY G. W R I G H T. *K*

- - - Omnes una manet nox
Et calcanda semel via lethi. HOR.



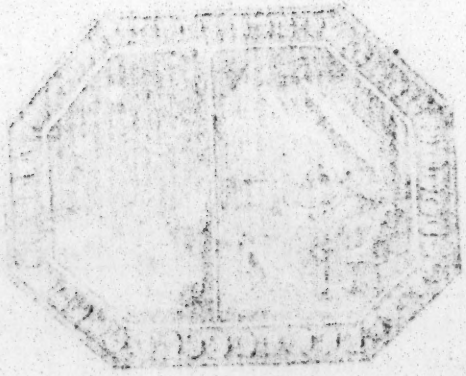
Life is a *Dream* and all things show it,
I thought so once but now I know it. GAY.

L O N D O N:

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THE
GRACIOUS WARRIOR,
OF A
M O N O D Y

JOSEPH NICOLL SCOTT, M.D.
OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
FOR HIS SERVICES IN THE
WAR OF 1861-1865
BY G. W. H. T.



TO

MRS. MARTHA SCOTT,

RELICT of the late PIOUS and LEARNED

JOSEPH NICOLL SCOTT, M.D.

THIS

M O N O D Y

Is most respectfully inscribed by

Her truly sympathizing Friend

and sincere Well-wisher,

The AUTHOR.



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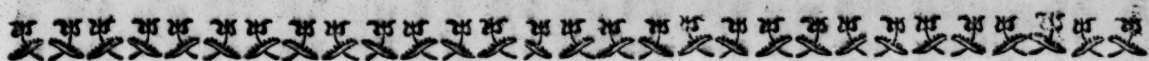
ADVERTISEMENT.

THO' this Monody was written on the death of a private Gentleman, and printed only for a select few, that impression being disposed of, it is now publish'd for the benefit of mourners in general, as it suggests many encouraging arguments for abating the heart-felt distress of afflicted widows, or weeping friends, under the loss of near and dear relatives and companions, from the hope of it's being their eternal gain, and the animating prospect of meeting them after death in a state of happiness and felicity to part no more*.

* Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
'Till all shall meet in Heav'n at length;
This is my glory, LORD, to be
Join'd to Thy Saints and near to Thee.



Dr. WATTS.



To the R E A D E R.

THE Author of the following Poem, would be far from recommending a scrupulous attendance to, or a superstitious regard of dreams in *general*, as the means of encouraging idle, groundless, and imaginary fears ; but he would never advise any one to an *entire* rejection and contempt of them, being well assured they have and still may be made (by an all-wise and merciful Creator) of the greatest benefit and advantage to His creatures* : — If they set us on examining how Matters stand between God and the Soul, and excite us to live in the daily preparation for our latter end, from a conviction of it's certainty and nearness, they are doubtless to be reckoned as kind interpositions of Providence on our behalf, and attended to with gratitude and praise.
JOB XXXiii. 14, 15, 16.

* Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Night-visions may befriend

Our *waking* dreams are fatal Dr. YOUNG.

THE
GRACIOUS WARNING;

OR, A

M O N O D Y

On the DEATH of the late PIOUS and LEARNED

JOSEPH NICOLL SCOTT, M.D.

With REFLECTIONS addrest to ALL.

THE TIME MIDNIGHT.

I.

 OCTURNAL darkness hides each pleasing view,

And covers nature with her solemn pall;

The lab'ring hinds no more their toils pursue,

But o'er the meads the black'ning shadows fall*.

II.

Now mimick fancy takes her nightly reign,

While airy songsters rest on ev'ry spray,

And draws fresh terrors in the sickly brain,

Or paints anew the labors of the day.

* Now night had shed her silver drops around,
And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground.

DRYDEN.

'Twas

III.

'Twas at this awful hour, when silence keeps
 Her dreary station thro' the midnight air ;
 And weary'd Industry securely sleeps,
 While distant fields a fable aspect wear,

IV.

A dreadful vision broke thy wonted rest †,
 O SCOTT ! (for piety and learning fam'd)
 A chilling horror seiz'd thy panting breast †,
 And sudden starts some secret woe proclaim'd.

V.

When, by permission for thy greatest good,
 An awful BEING from the realms on high,
 Ghastly appearance ! in thy chamber stood,
 And said in dismal accents, " THOU MUST DIE *."

† *Your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men see visions.* JOEL ii. 28.

† A deadly fear o'er all his vitals reigns,
 And his chill'd blood hangs curdled in his veins. BLACKMORE.

* A gracious warning to be in readiness, like that to ISAIAH, xxxviii. 1.
Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.

VI.

Struck with the message, tho' devoid of sense,
 Anxious to know the fatal time how near,
 Amaz'd and trembling in a dread suspense,
 Thou ask'dst it when? It answer'd, "THIS DAY YEAR."

VII.

Then disappear'd; such was thy dream; how true,
 Let weeping MARTHA say, she best can tell,
 Whose faded cheeks continual tears bedew,
 Whose heaving bosom sighs unnumber'd swell*.

VIII.

Say thou, the widow'd partner of his heart,
 (To whom his mem'ry will be ever dear,
 Who in his troubles bore a willing part,
 Whose death foretold, was all thou hadst to fear.)

* My grief lies all within;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain,
 We groan but cannot speak in *greater* pain. DRYDEN.

IX.

How great thy anguish when, the foll'wing day,
 He told his dream*, in vain from thee conceal'd,
 And kindly strove to chace thy fears away,
 Or idly wish'd the vision unreveal'd.

X.

Say, thou disconsolate surviving fair,
 (Who thought his life more precious than thine own)
 What with thy heart-felt sorrows can compare?
 For, oh! thy much-lov'd dearer self is gone.

XI.

What strange foreboding doubts oppress thy mind,
 While months roll'd on, not unobserv'd by thee;
 And ev'ry week which still remain'd behind
 Serv'd but t'increase thy sad anxiety!

* He at the news
 Heart struck, with chilling gripe of sorrow stoo'd
 That all his senses bound.

MILTON.

'Till

XII.

'Till lo! the time arriv'd, and prov'd too true,
Which greatly heighten'd ev'ry sorrow past;
For, tho' in seeming health, such pains ensue
As verify the dream, and prove his last*.

XIII.

Methinks I see him on the verge of life,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, to Heav'n for mercy call,
" LORD, with Thy choicest blessings crown my wife,
" My only joy! my comfort, and my all!

XIV.

" Pardon my sins, O GOD! (I know Thou wilt †)
" For 'tis Thy gracious and benign decree;
" *I will forgive returning sinner's guilt,*
" *And save the weakest soul who trusts in me.* PSAL. xvii. 7.

* He was taken with a violent sickness, accompanied with symptoms of a lethargy, on that day year he had this remarkable dream, Wednesday the 20th of December, 1769, and died the Saturday following.

† A firm faith in the promises of the Gospel were his support and comfort both living and dying.

" Oh!

XV.

“ Oh! make poor MARTHA's life Thy constant care,
 “ To *her* Thy sweetest consolations give;
 “ May *she* for ever in Thy goodness share,
 “ For whose *dear sake* alone I wish to live.

XVI.

“ In deep distress, whenever danger's nigh,
 “ Be Thou the watchful guardian of my love;
 “ Protect thro' life, and when she comes to die,
 “ Grant we may meet to part no more, above.”

XVII.

What inward anguish did his looks betray,
 When in the agonies of death he cry'd,
We now must part; then just was heard to say,
 (Pressing thy hand) *Farewel—Farewel—and dy'd**.

* And when at last
 I feel the icy hand of death prevail,
 My heart-strings break and all my senses fail,
 I'll fix thy image in my closing eye,
 Sigh thy dear name, then lay me down and die. ROWE.

XVIII.

Bewailing friends, a melancholy train,
Attend his fun'ral to the distant grave;
While thou art left in silence to complain,
To joy a stranger, and to grief a slave.

XIX.

But, gentle mourner, wipe thy streaming eyes,
For know he's gone to realms of endless peace,
While GOD, the widow's refuge, *never* dies;
He reigns above, tho' *all* relations cease*.

XX.

In pity, Heav'n, behold a widow's grief,
And on her head unnumber'd mercies pour;
In ev'ry trouble be her sure relief,
And endless portion when this life is o'er.

* This thought, That GOD the father of the fatherless, judge of the widow, and a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, *ever* lives, the guardian of the good and virtuous, cheers the dying christian when parting with his dearest friends, in the joyful hopes of meeting them in glory. BAXTER'S Saint's Rest, Chap. 16.

XXI.

By retrospection life a dream appears,
 And our past moments but a transient span;
 Short is the space of even numerous years*,
 While frequent fun'erals shew how frail is man.

XXII.

Our days, by Heav'n appointed, are but few,
 Our time's uncertain, tho' our end is sure §;
 Experience proves the observation true,
 In young and old, the affluent and the poor †.

XXIII.

All things around us intimate decay,
 Unknown misfortunes all our steps attend;
 "Deaths stand like Mercurys in ev'ry way,
 "And kindly point us to our journey's end." Dr. YOUNG.

* Death mocks our greatest skill, nor fears the strong,
 And he that lives the longest dies but young.

§ Fixt is the term to all the race of earth,
 All fall alike, the fearful and the brave. POPE.

† The present life our care can never save,
 One fate attends us and one common grave. DRYDEN.

THE E P I T A P H.

I.

WITHIN this dreary vault in silence lies
A tender husband, and a friend sincere,
(Whose healing aid remov'd our painful cries *;)
A loss so great, at least, deserves a tear.

II.

Tho' health, O youth, may now thy steps attend,
And pleasures court, while time unheeded flies,
(And thou may'st live unmindful of thine end,)
Hear with attention what the grave replies.

III.

“ Reflect, presumptuous man, how short thy space,
“ How few thy moments, and how quick they fly;
“ The *present* time the fleeting hours embrace,
“ For ere *another* morning *thou* may'st die.

* This alludes to his profession as a Physician.

F I N I S.

Publish'd by the same AUTHOR,
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In this clear Mirror all may see
What all are not but all should be.

Veluti in speculum.

H,

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